## NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

FURTHER EXTRACTS

From the Family Letters of an American Lady in Europe.

SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, NORTH BRITISH HOTEL. "Girls, are you willing to take a week, perhaps only a few days, in Scotland, for longer we cannot stay?" So ing knight below. The Grampian Hills were around me, said our chief three days ago. "Yes, yes; if only for slightly veiled by a mist, which added to my especial deone glimpse of Holyrood, one tread upon the heather, once to drink in the breeze upon Scotia's hills." So inswered we. And now I am in very truth breathing the air of the glorious " North countrie."

As there is every prospect of our being constantly " mouvement until we again see London, you must be content with such etchings of these never-to-be-forgotten views ing now one shore, now the other, with vistas of deep. as my odd moments may allow. The route from London to Windermere passes through

sociation, well worth the delay. It was late in the afterneon when we reached Bowness, on the banks of Windermere's beautiful water; and as we ran down the little it is a melancholy fact that one is not inclined to include an early breakfast; even with poets these mundane thoughts will intrude; so will you think it desecration from the crystal depths upon which we were gazing, and with deep mortification, moreover, I confess to have enjoyed it. Early yesterday morning we were on the lake in a tiny steamer, slowly wending our way over its poetic waters, which, in reality, are neither very clear nor blue. and the scenery is only very pretty and smiling, seldom any thing grand. We passed the home of Mrs. Hemans. Dovenest, which is embowered in the foliage of the poble trees grouped over the smooth lawn, and soon we landed at Ambleside, where I had my first drive on the top of a coach, and never enjoyed any thing more ; the air was so us lucky weather, or Guera's days, as the people prettily call a bright sky. Oh, these roads! if you could only first see them, winding like a yellow riband over the hills and fields, and then bowl over them in an English coach, you would agree with me that it is the poetry of motion. Our way was very beautiful, along the green lanes and hedges, catching at some turn a distant view of Skiddaw or Helvellyn, sometimes running up the hills to gather daisies or drink from the cold mountain springs. Presently we reached Grassmere Church-yard, in which Wordsworth rests. His grave has simply a black marble head-stone, with only his name upon it. Very calm and peaceful it was in the quiet village, the hum of rural sounds, and the purling of the brook which murmurs near by, making for this great and true poet a sweet and fitting song.

Passing through the picturesque park of Lady Fleming, and walking along lanes lined with hawthorn and laburnum, we came to Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's loved home. Our guide, a hale, blooming-cheeked old man, told us to go in the grounds, and near the house a lady, apparently an invalid, was being wheeled about in a bath chair. As we passed with a slight salutation, she held out her hand to us, and advancing, we saw that she was very aged. She was Wordsworth's sister. I said something of her brother being known and loved in America. "Yes, yes; he was not only a great poet, but a good man," she rerapt emotion she recited some of his verses, and to me it fond memory his beautiful lines. She took our hands, said that she had some friends in America; that we must not forget her : and God bless us.

A charming drive home to Bowness, through the soft still afternoon and quiet hamlets, and there seated in the comfortable railway carriages, on we thundered, till three tia's hills until the guard cried out Gretna! We all sprang road they replied, and pointed out the famous forge. They were all much amused at my eager questioning, and "the scenery of a fairy dream." evidently thought that there was some stronger motive than mere curiosity in learning where such heavy chains

This morning, all the brighter and happer for my first sleep in bonnie Scotland, I went about this ancient city of Glasgow, which is really superb in streets and edifices : but I repine at not spending all of our limited number of hours on the lakes, or in Edinboro'. Of course there are innumerable objects of great interest at every turn, but it will be much more satisfactory to refer you to Murray for every description-statistical, historical, or poeticalas that extraordinary friend and guide to tourists not only tells one what to see, what to eat and to drink, but absolutely all that one is expected to and does really

feel and think at every point. The noble Cathedral, eight hundred years old, is very grand in its venerable simplicity; little architectural ornament, nothing but massive heavy-arching aisles and but, scampering down the crooked streets, we had the roof, long vistas of clustered columns, and the vast ancient crypts. Most striking are these immense vaults, us the picture of bastion and tower most vividly painted with defaced and crumbled monuments, shields and coats of arms as dim as the memory of those who lie beneath them; and most impressive indeed to me was the wandering through this dusky city of the dead, with its earthy, penetrating smell of ages long past. In the necropolis I at portraying it. The first view as one enters the streets, pulled a leaf from the monument to John Knox, which is or rather mounts them, (for railways in this kingdom are very commandingly placed, crowned by a fine statue of generally either high in heaven or deep below, ) is most artisthis rigid reformer

We drove this afternoon to the cavalry barracks to see the parade, and hear the band of the 98d Highlanders, and I could scarcely refrain from jumping out to seize the hand of the first kilted, bare-kneed regular who strode along the Callow-gate. The music was very good, winding up with " God save the Queen," the first time, strange to say, that I have heard it in her Majesty's dominions. Then came the great attraction to me, the bagpipes, played by five highlanders in full costume, as of course the regiment is. It was most fascinating to my fancy, warm- ry" of that soubriquet; and as I have no chance of secing my heart though it horrified my ears, and was an

nearly ten o'clock and I am writing in daylight, and could ferent Edinboro,' very imposing in buildings, handsome do so I believe half the night, for it never seems to be. shops, squares regularly laid out, quiet and English, with come dark in this part of the world; all one's ideas of those ever-present, wonderful policemen. The first obtime are completely upset, and I have become quite ac- ject to arrest the eye and reverent step is the monucustomed to go to bed in sunshine. It seems a stroke of ment to Walter Scott. It is grand in height and massive magic which has transported me into this glorious region, arches, and yet gracefully light; the principal niches conthough in reality our transit was accomplished in a vulgar taining statues, "Lady of the Lake," "Last Minstrel." steambont, for in these degenerate days there is no time &c., and below, where the dress, features, and expressi for more poetic conveyance. Our good genius did not can be seen by grateful eyes, sits the mighty Wizard of desert us in the beautiful weather, clear and warm, with the North. Every street and name breathes of his witch. a delicious breeze to whisper to us up the Clyde and ery; he alone speaks as we walk up the Canongate, or charming Loch Lomond. This famed stream is not very gaze at the only vestige of the ancient Tolbooth, or look pretty in itself nor striking in scenery, though it winds at the spot where stood the cottage of Davie Deans. past many a spot celebrated in song and story-Dumbarton Castle, where Wallace was confined, and whose sword is still shown there; Bothwell Castle, and many a bank populace below; and further on, past some wynds, was the and sweep of river made classic by the great magician. Being obliged to wait two hours at the village of Balloch, we seized the moment for a row upon the Clyde, and thus, Yes! I really stood in the ancient Abbey, of which no fortunately for any poetic feeling, we glided into the sweet thing remains but the ruined walls of the Royal Chapel, waters (literally so, for I immediately drank some) of open to the smiling sky and wintry storms; ivy covers the Loch Lomond. We were pulled by two bright Scotchmen, place where incense ascended from the high altar; birds who pointed out each hill and ruin, and distant Ben Lomond, being of course enthusiastic in every memorial of their marriage vows; and near by is the confessional where this darling shore. Scott, of course, they knew by heart, and beautiful, unhappy Queen shed penitential tears. Then

We landed at Inch Murrin, an island belonging to the

Duke of Montrose, merely kept as a deer park for sporting; and we wandered over the hills, lounged on the mossy turf, patted the pretty deer, had a bowl of fresh milk from the cottage, and waved our handkerchiefs from the battlements of a ruined tower, though there was no pranelight; and in fulness of content I enjoyed the exquisit charming as we steamed up the loch; the mount ins overlapping and intertwining, forming apparently impassible barriers: the stream winding in and out; 'che boat touchdarkly bright valleys, with numberless cascades foaming down and embroidering the mountain sides. Though many a place where one would fain linger for days, each these hills are lofty, there is nothing stern and rugged; one interesting for church, or storied ruin, or historic at- at a distance they have a brownish tinge, but near, the green velvet verdure, which clothes them to the summit. takes from their grandeur. We landed at a most unpromising little hut, but, after a refreshing walk of half a gleaming lake refreshed our weary railway eyes. Now, turesque inn. It was then 9 o'clock; we threw off our in sentimental or literary reveries when nothing more Lomond, on the smooth grass, in the highland gloaming, substantial than coal smoke has passed one's lips since we played a game of bowls! Indeed, indeed, I am very sorry; but I did enjoy my breakfast, which was legitimately Scotch, with fresh herring and marmalade. I orgion we were soon scated before potted char and trout, myself; but, after three choking attempts, my enthusiasm could carry me no further. We have spent to-day in rambling over the mountains, gathering flowers of the great est variety and delicious fragrance; then, seated in two silver falls pouring into the rocky basin below, the sunshine playing through the arching trees above us, we read some of those inspired poems, the Psalms, in this most fitting temple.

EDINBOROUGH Caledonia Hotel, looking out upon the magnificent old castle, almost in sound of the bugles calling to evening it in with most exquisite delight.

We left Loch Lomond yesterday morning, and it was

lay of little accidents, which are funny and rather neces ary than otherwise in a traveller's reminiscences, but provoking enough at the moment of occurrence. In the first place, I had the pleasure of coming off without a bite of breakfast, being behind time; and when we were fairly off in the steamer, discovered that my trunk was among the missing; so that I had two agreeable subjects for me ditation, and one of the party had left a cloak, which was not lively in these mountain breezes. At Inverenaid Mill, not a vehicle, horse, or donkey to be had; all off with tourists, and only a small tax-cart for our luggage. I offered a prize for a wheelbarrow; but finally two ladies and myself mounted on top of the trunks and carpet-bags, and jogged along over five miles of rugged mountain road We were better off, however, than our lady companions, who walked the whole distance without even an umbrella; and we are all nearly broiled, one of our last summer days not being more scorching, though it may scarcely be cre dited of June in the Highlands; when, too, only a fort night previous a man had been frozen on Ben More. Our way was through many interesting scenes; Bruce's Cave. where Rob Roy hid with twenty followers; the ruins of a fortress built to resist the depredations of that bold rob. gratifying my wish to see this fine old place, when a little ber chieftain; the hut where Helen Macgregor was born and then the magnificent Trosachs, wild and wierd, every plied, the tears falling down her withered face. With | inch of which has been immortalized by dear Scott. Our misfortunes were not quite ended : for as we ascended the was a touching scene-this venerable sister weeping for last hill, and exquisite Loch Katrine burst upon our imthe brother she must so soon rejoin, and repeating with patient view, we had the lively satisfaction to see our steamer move slowly off. Really my spirits sank at the sight of the miserable hovel where we were to wait four hours; however, with a loaf of bread, rasher of ham and eggs, and a little sleep, we managed to pass the time. Then came the beauteous lake, which amply compensated for previous sufferings, making me forget all truant trunks o'clock this morning. It was an exquisite moonlight and material discomforts, and only recalling the "Lady night, and, in the intervals of trying to entrap a doze, I of the Lake," upon the opening stanzas of which, by the most strangely enjoyed my approach to Scotland. We passed the Solway, but I did not blow a kiss to dear Scotland its great rival Loch Lomond; encircled by lofty and then on we dashed, through mountains, over villages, up at that charmed name, the intimation that we were little islands, where one expects to hear Fitz James's buover the border, and I put my head out to ask where the | gle note and see the skiff of the startled Ellen glide from blacksmith lived. About a quarter of a mile down the the copse of her fairy isle. Certainly Nature and poetic association combine to make it wondrously beautiful, A charming drive to Stirling, where the party discuss

ed the advisability of passing the night; but I gave the easting vote for sleeping at Edinboro', each moment there being precious, and we cannot see every thing. Meanwhile, pending the deliberation, I seized my energetic friend, and we literally ran up the steep crowded streets, asking the nearest way to the Castle. We crossed the most, entered the archway, and a kilted Highlander offered to guide us, showing us the battlements, ramparts, and most ancient parts of the defences, pointing out the different spots of interest seen from the walls. The views are extremely fine; the Forth winding through smiling fertile fields, once the bloody Bannockburn. I had quite a confidential chat also with the soldier, who explained the different parts of his dress to me, and said that his regiment, 79th Highlanders, was in Canada. We could scarcely tear ourselves from this fascinating old fortress; satisfaction to reach the inn in good time, bearing with in our memory, while the rest of the party had only had their tea. So much for a little enterprise! I am enchanted with Edinburgh; it quite satisfies every anticipation, and surpasses in picturesque interest all attempts tically striking; the houses from eight to twelve stories high; often from the topmost windows and at odd points little projecting boxes like watch towers, with balconies and gables and a quaint continental air; the streets very narrow and dark, swarming in the middle with Highlanders, women in mobeaps, bare feet, and tucked-up gowns, pursuing their avocations or gossiping with their cummers each group ready for a picture or scene in Scott; especially when standing at the entrance to some close wynd, the latter being of course suggestive of bold "Haring Perth, I am content to make "Auld Reekie" the scene official introduction to Scotland's national garband music. of the "fair maid's" persecutions. All this of course Sunday, INVERARNAN, at the head of Loch Lomond .- It is the old town ; cross the fine bridge and you are in a dif-

In John Knox's house, I leaned from the little bowed window from which that stern moralist preached to the balcony from which Argyle saw the great Montrose led to execution. All this we saw on our way to Holyrood. build their nests where Scotland's Mary pronounced her and on giving them a touch of "Young Lochinvar," (not Scotland. Then to the chamber of Charles 1st; the hang: 845 pounds.

that it was particularly appropriate, but it happened to i ings, coverings, in ruit; but a large red chair is in good f come into my head,) with kindling cheek they showed me preservation, worked by the fair fingers of Mary, and the where from afar that gallant young lover "came out from silver-cloth, state r arriage chair of herself and Darnly and then we ente red her bedroom: mouldy and in tatters are the embroi dered coverlet and draperies of the bed, which other sise stands as when she last occupied it, though two, strips of blanket only now remain upon the pillow. flere all speaks of her; a carved gift table, and jewel box brought by herself from France, and a mirror in w nich had often been reflected her exquisite beauty N ext to this is the very small cabinet in which she sat a supper with poor Rizzio that fatal night, and on a table are the rusty helmet, spurs, and gauntlets of Darnly. scene, happy, so happy to be in Scotland; for my blood The secret door by which the conspirators entered open runs fast and warm in its air. The whole evenir, g was into her bedroom, and is scarcely now concealed by the ragged tapestry, a shred of which I have as a memento of this loveliest and most traduced of women. At the foot of the stairway is the grave of the too-fascinating minstrel, upon the plain grey stone of which I laid his picture, obtained in the chapel; and deeper interest still added to it, by touching the blood-stains, in which, with all sincerity, I have entire faith. It is deeply touching, so sadly is Mary ever remembered. It is impossible to have her every-day abode, the things she has touched, the actual life of this poor Queen brought before one, clothed in bodily reality, without thrilling emotion. History is garden terrace of the hotel, an exquisite scene of hill and mile through a lane, we reached this most tempting, pic- no longer a romance; but this most sad romance is now to me veritable history. Next to the Castle, which is in the bonnets, ran down a terrace, and by the shores of Loch same readiness for instant warfare as Stirling, apparently impregnable in natural defences and scientific solidity while the same towers, ramparts, quadrangles guns, kilted soldiers and bagpipes, saluted my delighted eyes and ears. How sorry I am not to have lived in the times that in the midst of our first emotion in this romantic redered also oatmeal porridge, and made a point of scalding of moats, knights, and drawbridges! Hew charming to have had the portcullis raised, with men-at-arms, and lances flashing, each time I sallied forth upon my spirited jennet! I live in a constant state of enchantment. don't know that you suspect me of being romantic; but perfect glen, deep, dark, and secluded, with the music of even the new world, in the nineteenth century, has not destroyed a little spot in my nature which would not have disgraced the days of the Crusades. The room in which James 6th was born is miserably small, scarcely large enough for a bed; indeed, all the private apartments appear to be unfit for what we, in this degenerate age, should esteem regal comfort. Mary was again visibly present in the ante-room, in a portrait taken before her marriage, fresh, and, as usual in our excursions, we carried with parade! Think of it, or rather think of me, as drinking fresh and lovely; and also one of her son, in the chamber; her monogram, and the royal arms on the ceiling, and a piece of her oak from Loch Leven, are the only memorials of her; but, as I looked from the window at the beautiful view, I thought how often she too had gazed at it, with perhaps sad, tearful eyes.

In the armory is shown the rusty claymore once the unerring weapon of the redoubtable Rob Roy; and I made our old Highland cicerone blaze up by asking if he really believed that such a person ever lived? Of course I do not doubt the actual life of each personage in Scott, any more than I should be skeptical as to the breathing existence of Mrs. Nickleby or Traddles; and, although I cannot exactly say, with one of our friends, that all my knowledge of history is derived from James's novels, it is nevertheless true that in these scenes one's thoughts and associations are rather with Waverley than Hume. How can I leave Scotland? How say good-bye to this land of fairy

romance and stern realities! Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, I had breakfasted, and whirling along the railway for a few miles, found myself at the nearest station to the noble though no longer inhabited hall of one of the most ancient families in Scotland. I was making inquiries as to the possibility of cart came along bringing some boys to school. The driver said that he was from the estate, had an aunt living in Washington, and seeing my intense desire to get to the mansion, offered to take me. Up I jumped, and on a tilting plank jogged along for an hour, when above the trees arose to my impatient eyes the castellated walls and the old church tower. I waited not for the old gardener, but ran across the field, sprang over the low stone fence, and stood by the venerable gothic chapel, which, in good preservation still, speaks of the former splendor of the family. I was familiar with it from pictures; and, when the keeper hobbled up to let me out, I gratified his family pride by telling him that, far away across the ocean, I had read and known the history of his lord, the whose proprietor we had always regarded as the Sublimest Earl of Eglintoun. The train with my friends came by, Miller that ever the world had produced. On the other almost peeping down the chimneys, with glimpses of parks and lakes; on through large towns, roaring with furnaces | defiled by the presence of a party of infidels, who were at and dense with smoke; a distant streak of waving light, which was the great German ocean; passed picturesque and formidable castles, once the necessary protector to the hamlet crouched at its foot, and so we sorrowfully flew from Scotland. At six o'clock we reached York, where twenty minutes were allowed for dining; but I had no thought for such a luxury; so, followed by the girls, scampered off to have one little look at the Minster. An old gentleman kindly pointed the way, and in a few moaents we stood on the city wall, gazing with eager eye upon this exquisite architectural poem. There was no time for any expression of feeling as we breathlessly returned; seized a slice of bread and butter, and gained our seats munching, as the iron horse again started. On through green fields, quiet in the soft sunset; then the long grey twilight of this region : then came our short attempts at sleep, aroused from dreams by the flashing station-lights and startling whistle; and so through the night until four o'clock, when, in the cool bright mornng, we once again drove through the streets of dear London, with the influence still about us of the past week. the memory of which will indeed be "a joy forever."

## VINEYARDS AROUND CINCINNATI.

A committee was appointed the past spring by the Cininnati Horticultural Society to obtain statistics in regard to the vineyards and wine-making in Hamilton coun ty. Their report was as follows:

Of the number of acres now under cultivation in vines, we are not as yet prepared to make an exact report, as the entire statistics of the county have not been fully made out since 1845. There were then eighty-free vine-yards, covering an area of three hundred and fifty acres. In that year alone one hundred a cres were prepared and planted, and the number of acras brought under cultivation has been steadily and rapidly increas-ing every year since. The number of new vineyards commenced since 1845, some of which embrace twenty-five to thirty acres, with the annual enlargement of those pre viously planted, will swell the aggregate amount to no less than twelve hundred acres. From the statistics already in our possession, we can safely say that this is within the actual amount.

The labor bestowed upon this culture in the prepar tion of the ground, planting and dressing, and making the wine, gives employment to at least six hundred effi the wine, gives the wine, gives employment to at least six numbered en-cient laborers, at an annual cost of \$120,000, producing, when in a bearing state, in moderately favorable seasons, about 240,000 gallons of wine, estimated at about the same number of dollars. Beside the cultivators and wine-

dressers, employment is also given to wood coopers, equal to the making of 8,000 barrels, estimated at \$8,000.

A considerable portion of this crop now falls into the hands of the wine-coopers and is converted into sparkling wine or champagne, thereby more than doubling its marking. value of sparkling wine prepared in this county in 1851, as near as we can arrive at an estimate, amounts to not less than \$175,000. The dealing in these wines also forms a considerable item in the transactions of the wine merchants.

As most of those engaged in the culture of the vine have families to support, as well as others engaged in the business, it may, without exaggeration, be calculated that the wine interest in Hamilton county affords subsistence directly or indirectly, to at least 2,000 industrious and sober persons-a drunken vine-dresser we have neve

met with.

Mr. Yeatman urged that the estimate was too low, and suggested that it should be put at 500 gallons per acre, a fair average estimate: therefore 500,000 gallons would be the aggregate annual yield.

The people of Warren (Vt.) have had a great bear On the 14th instant, some two or thre men, "armed and equipped" with rifles, muskets, re-volvers, and missiles, surrounded a hill half a mile from the village, where the "great bear" was known to have taken up a temporary residence, and forming a ring darling shore. Scott, of course, they knew by heart, and could no doubt have followed with the whole poem, as I to her ball-room, low and gloomily panelled, containing ral shots were fired upon him without effect, but finally repeated, "Row, vassals row, for the pride of the highrepeated, "Row, vassals row, for the pride of the high-lands; stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine;" others, interesting as memorials of the lost regality of in the evening in honor of the victory. Bruin weighed

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN PALESTINE.

Written for the National Intelligencer by a Citizen of Washington.

THE MILL OF MALAHA

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I entertain no vindictive or revengeful feelings towards any body on account of the disappointment I experienced in the first view of the Mill of Malaha. To be candid, it arose partly from a credulous faith in every thing that the Ambs told me, however wonderful, and partly from a natural disposition to invest every thing with the charms of romance. Notwithstanding the practical sense of my companions, who believed nothing at all that was not in print, and who were continually producing authorities on every doubtful point, I secretly swallowed every thing miraculous, and filled up all the obscure parts with glowing anticipations, that were doomed never to be realized. Even at the time, I often suspected that such things were only to be found in the Arabian Nights; but somehow I could not help thinking they might turn out to be true, and on that hope hung an immense amount of anticipation. Bearing in mind, however, that my mission was of a practical character, I was always ready to admit the facts in the end, and to denounce the Arabs for their extravagant indulgence in hyperbole, as also to expose the fallacies of all travellers who make a practice of investing common-place realities with the glowing absurdities of fiction. It may be set down as a rule that when a writer on oriental life tells you what a pleasant thing it is not to be civilized; when he even professes to have some savage propensities in his nature, and has an unconquerable desire to be a wandering Ishmaelite, there must be something wrong is the man. Either he is making a book to be read by a public that continually thirsts for something strange and new, or wishes himself to appear in the light of a darkminded, restless, unhappy man, so high above all the conventionalities of society, that to be a savage is the only condition really worthy of him; or, worse than all, there is so little of the genial and kind in his nature that he finds few to love him at home, finds fault with others for what he owes to himself, and becomes smitten with a morbid contempt for civilization. It reads very prettily, all this-especially if it be cleverly done. But let me tell you, my friends, there is a dreary, commonplace, com-fortless reality about Arab life, with all its barbarous romance; a beggarly vagabondism that is entirely unworthy of being aspired to by any person of good principles or common sense; a bestiality that must make any one who has a respectable home turn to it with a grateful heart and an inward thankfulness that he was born in a tolerably decent country, and among a people who with all their affectations and absurdities are yet something better than savages.

And now for the Mill. Behold it, as we wind down the rugged pathway towards the stream of Malaha—a little square stone building, half in ruins, with a flat top, perched over the water among the rocks, a camel browzing on the bushes near it, and a dozen lazy Arabs squatted down by the door smoking their chibouks. That single glance was enough. Every thought of the hospitable old gentleman and his accomplished daughters; the flower-gardens, the choice home-made bread and sparkling wines of Lebanon, vanished in a moment. I said nothing; but rode quietly up to the door, where, with a misgiving of the sequel, I resigned my horse to the muleteers, and saw him, together with the horses of my companions, led off to a cave in the neighboring mountains. A very animated conversation now took place between our dragoman and the Arabs. The chief talker, a rugged ill-favored man, whose dark leathern skin looked darker still from the fact that his beard and eye-brows were covered with meal. was no other than the old miller himself, and the others were Bedouins who had come over from an encampment on the opposite side of the stream. As well as I could catch the drift of the conversation from Yusef's manner and gestures, which I had now learned to interpret with considerable accuracy, it appeared to be this: that we, a travelling party, consisting of the Commander-in-Chief of all the Military forces in America, a royal Prince, son of the King of the United States, and an English Lord, whose palace at home was built of pure gold, wanted lodgings for the night in the far-famed Mill of Malaha, of which we had read in ancient and modern history, and hand, it was urged by the miller that he was a devout best not fit to kiss the smallest toe of the great Prophet: that should he suffer us to sleep there, he would never more have a particle of luck, and ten chances to one the hoppers would fly in his face and kill him stone dead, or the mill itself would tumble down upon him after we left, and make minced meat of himself and all his family. To which, as I took it, Yusef replied that, praised be Alla, we were convinced of the errors of our ways, and were or a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where there was no earthly doubt we would join the standard of the Prophet in less than a month; and that, besides, being royal personages of boundless wealth, we would cheerfully pay as high as three piasters each (twelve and a half cents) for the accommodations of his establishment, together with a liberal backshish in the morning. In reply to which, the miller with glistening eyes, stated that he was not that narrow minded sort of person who could from any religious pre judices be guilty of so inhospitable an act as to turn from his doors a party of distinguished Howadii; that he always regarded the Americans and English as the most liberal and enlightened people in the world, next to the Arabs, and upon the assurance of five piasters each and such backshish as we deemed consistent with our rank and dignity, he would cheerfully consent to having the mill honored with our presence. Keeping in view his own interests. Yusef made answer to this by saving that he, being our responsible agent in all pecuniary matters deemed it incumbent upon him as a man of honor, known throughout Syria and even to the remotest corners of England and America as a dragoman who never lied or took advantage of the liberality of his employers, to pay just and reasonable prices for everything, and that he could not reconcile it to a sense of duty to pay more than four piasters; but that he had not the slightest doubt that the backshish would amount to treble that sum. At this the miller shook his head dismally, grunted a few words of doubt, which I intepreted to signify that he had become rather accustomed to promises of that kind; then puffed his chibouk awhile, and ended by waving his hand for us to enter. By this time it had begun to rain, and we were glad enough to find shelter.

If the external appearance of the mill was dishearten ing, the interior was absolutely dramatic and inspiring. Stables I had slept in; caves, haystacks, trees, and the broad canopy of heaven had afforded me lodgings in cases of emergency; but I had seen nothing half so strange or curious in the way of accommodations for a night's rest as the mill of Malaha. It was just high enough to stand up in where the arches that supported the roof ran up to point; but these arches being very rough and irregular. and the ground, consisting chiefly of holes, it was necessary to crawl into the dark recesses on our hands and feet. The water made a tremendous rush underneath : and. looking through the broken parts of the floor, there was every prospect of tumbling through during the night and being carried down among the wheels and afterwards deposited in the lake of El Huleh. Following Yusef, who carried a dim lamp in his hand, we narrowly escaped being ground to pieces by two hoppers, which flew round continually at a tremendous rate, without any covering over them; and in the course of time having worked our way over several holes and through a good many puddles of foul water, we found ourselves on a sort of elevation about a foot high, close by the hoppers again, where we learned that we were to spend the night. The dust and chaff, together with the intense darkness, notwithstanding the lamp and a thick cloud of smoke from a crowd of Arabs, hid away somewhere in the obscurity, afforded me reasonable grounds for thinking that if any one of us ever lived to see daylight again, it would only be through the intervention of Providence : certainly there was nothing here to encourage such a hope.

The ground being somewhat soft, I had the curiosity to

very rich deposite of manure. However, having a couple I travel; sometimes making twenty miles, and sometimes of mattresses, we spread them over it, and found that thirty, according to the kind of roads we had to go over. it made a very warm bed, although it must be admitted that the points of rock which came through it did not produce an agreeable sensation when they came in con-

"A stunning place, this," said the English Captain, olly time of it to-night.'

"Yes; very jolly: the fleas are getting lively already," said the tall Southerner, scratching himself fiercely. "Coffee!" said I; "coffee, Yusef. Gentlemen, I hold it as a principle that coffee is an elixir for all the ills that flesh is heir to, provided it be sweetened with the sugar

" Lead," suggested the captain.

" No, sir; the sugar of content. Coffee expands the oul, warms the imagination; sends a cheerful glow throughout the entire man after the toils of travel, and acts as nature's balmy restorer, when sleep is banished by fortuitous circumstances or by-

"Fleas," said the captain, suddenly starting, as if stung by a wasp. "What an abominable nuisance they are! I'll venture to assert that they are as large here as bumble-bees. Never felt any thing like them in my life! Stunning, quite stunning, I assure you!"

There was no doubt of it. I began to feel them myself, though I had always boasted of being proof against such petty annoyances. They actually began to pierce like a housand needles. Sometimes they pierced like cambric needles, and sometimes like large sail-needles; and very often they pierced like all the needles that ever were manufactured put together in assorted bunches. While Yusef and Francisco were absent boiling the coffee outside of the mill, and getting supper ready, we entertained ourselves scratching a trio, and jumping now and then nearly out

Presently supper appeared; and, I say it in justice to ur dragoman, a most excellent supper it was. He was capital cook and caterer, and fed us like Princes, as he always represented us to be. The Arabs crept around us out of holes in the walls and dark corners, and while we ate they looked on with greedy and longing eyes, and said a great deal on the subject which we could not comprehend. They seemed very lean and hungry, and talked rapidly as each mouthful disappeared; when it became evident that they built some hopes upon coming in at the end of the feast. We told Yusef to give them something to eat, which he did; when, feeling very happy and comfortable, we had our chibouks lit, and smoked our Latakia tobacco in great state, as became persons of royal

I gradually dropped off into a doze, a mere doze, for I scorn the charge of having slept a wink that night. The grating of the hoppers, the everlasting clatter of tongues, the dust, chaff, smoke, and fleas, to say nothing of the roar of the water down below, were enough to banish all hope of sleep; I merely closed my eyes to try how ridiculous it would feel. How long they remained closed I scarcely know; it was not long, however, for I soon heard a heavy breathing close by my head, and felt the warm breath of some monster on my face. I knew it to be no Arab; it blew and snuffed altogether unlike any thing of the human kind. Thinking it might be all fancy, I cautiously put out my hand in the dark (Yusef having carried the lamp away) and began to feel around me. For some moments I could discover nothing, but in waving my hand around I at length touched something-something that sent the blood flying back to my heart a good deal quicker than it ever flew before. To tell the honest truth, I never was so startled in all the previous adventures of my life. The substance that I put my hand on was bare and warm; it was wet also and slimy, and had large nostrils with which it seemed to be in the act of smelling me previous to the act of mastication. With the quickness of lightning I jerked up my hand, and felt it glide along a skin covered with long rough hair ; the next instant my ears were stunned by the most dreadful noises, which resembled, as I thought in the horror of the moment, the roaring of a full-grown lien. But it was not the roaring of a lion; it was only the braying of an ass. The monster was a Syrian ass. There were two of them, and they both began to bray; they brayed in concert, but it was the most intolerable concert I ever heard. Had it been a lion the consequences might have been serious to the whole party, as well as to the animal himself, for I should certainly have called upon Yusef to bring out his pistols and and decision of character. That in Easte guns, in which event there is not the least doubt that some of us would have fallen victims to the conflicting wrath of the rival lions.

Now, as long as our grievances were confined to vermin, dirt, and noisy Arabs, we bore them very cheerfully, and even admitted that little afflictions of that kind add materially to the spice of travels; but when it came to making asses of us by placing us on a par with such anials, it was altogether too much to be borne. I had often heard that travelling makes one acquainted with strange ped-fellows, but in all my previous experience I had never seen subjected to the mortification of sleeping in the same ed with two genuine asses.

"What," said I, fired with honest indignation "are re to stand this? Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he'll voluntarily sleep with a pair of vile asses?"

"Ho, Yusef!" cried the Captain, "we'll be ass-assina ted if you don't turn these abominable beasts out. We are in danger of being devoured bodily."

Yusef declared that he was very sorry, but it was a fahometan custom to show great tenderness and respect to animals of the brute kind : he would ask the miller to put the asses out, but could not insist upon it as a matter of right. Another exciting conversation now took place in which all the Arabs participated. Yusef stormed threatened, and swore; the old miller protested, remonstrated, and finally declared that he could not be guilty of any thing so inhuman; that he would sooner drive out of his house on a rainy night the brother of his affections than the asses of his heart; so, to make peace, the asses of his heart were suffered to remain.

I will not undertake to describe how we spent the rest f that memorable night; how the grindstones came within an inch of grinding us to death every time we stretched our legs out; how in attempting to escape from the urious attacks of the fleas we got ourselves involved under the hoofs of the asses; how the old miller stopped moking about midnight, and by the united assistance of all his Arabs succeeded in the course of two hours in getting his mill stopped; how every one of them talked all the rest of the night and went to sleep about daylight; and how we got up at the same time and made a vow never again to stop at the mill of Malaha,

At sunrise we were mounted, and on our way towards the sea of Gallilee.

MATTERS OF FACT

A word or two here, while I think of it, on the subject f our domestic economy may interest the reader, especially if he should be induced by these hasty sketches of Syrian life to think of making a tour through the Holy Land. Notwithstanding all the inconveniences of travel in the East, there is no country where one who is at all disposed to accommodate himself to circumstances can enjoy travelling more; every thing is so strange and picturesque; the country, the people, the houses, the very air itself, all seem dreamlike and unreal. There is an endless variety of trifling incidents every day to occupy the mind; and even the occasional hardships to which one is exposed have the compensating attraction of novelty. The torments of vermin, the everlasting gabble of the Arabs, the vexations of delay, are all amusing and instructive in their way, particularly when one gets fairly through them, and sits down in a clean and comfortable hotel to write up his journal. Food is cheap and abundant throughout the East, and if the traveller suffers for want of good cating it is the fault of his dragoman. We lived quite as well as we could wish. Every morning we had an excellent breakfast of coffee, stewed or broiled chicken, potatoes, rice, fried eggs, bread, and dried fruit of various sorts, and sometimes game. After travelling till noon we usually stopped at some old ruin, where there was a well or spring, and had a good lunch of cold chicken, brown bread, cheese, figs, and oranges. This kept us in a good state of preservation till the conclusion of our feel it and then take up a handful and smell it; by which day's journey. Being in no great hurry we took it easy, means I became sensible of the fact that it consisted of a averaging about seven or eight hours a day of actual

twenty-five miles. The whole country, with the excep-tion of a few plains, is mountainous, and, from the time of setting out in the morning to stopping in the evening, the traveller is climbing or descending mountains, over good-humoredly. "Upon my word, I think we'll have a rugged pathways of rock. Hence the usual way of calculating distances in the East is by time; three hours may be fifteen miles or only five, but the average is about three miles to an hour. We found it best, in consequence of the lateness of the season, (November and December,) to send back our tents from Damascus, and carry nothing with us but a few mattresses and our cooking utensils There are villages and khans all through Syria, where there is little or no difficulty in obtaining lodgings for the night. Dinner was always served in about an hour after our arrival, being purchased and prepared by our dragoman and his servants, so that we gave ourselves no trouble about it, except to eat what was put before us, which was easy enough. The reason why travelling in the East is so much higher in proportion than the mere living, is, that a stranger unacquainted with the Oriental languages is obliged to have an interpreter, and a number of servants and muleteers, besides the animals necessary for riding and baggage. To remain stationary for any length of time in any of the principal cities costs a mere trifle. I heard of an American gentleman living at Antioch who complained that he could not spend \$200 a year without resorting to extravagance. In Beirut, Damascus, Jerusalem, and other large towns in Syria and Palestine, there are good hotels kept by Greeks, Italians, and French, where the ordinary rate for a few days is about a dellar and a half a day; but by taking a room, which can be had for almost nothing, one may live for any thing he pleases, comfortably for ten or fifteen dollars a month. Houseof our skins in the most desperate efforts to shake off the rent is extremely low, say from a hundred to two hundred lollars a year for a very comfortable establishment. Horses cost from thirty to sixty dollars, except the pureblooded Arabians, which have no particular price attached to them. In Alexandria you can ride out to Pompey's pillar on a donkey, and have a boy to crack a whip before you, and another to follow up with a sharp stick, for ten or twelve cents. Any single person, therefore, who can command five hundred dollars a year, and who wishes to study the antiquities of Palestine and Egypt, need not be afraid to start off immediately, provided time be ne particular object to him; and by good management he can see the whole East in a few years, and come back a wiser if not a better man, without exceeding his income. With a little experience it might be done for considerably less than that. The besetting weakness of American tourists n Europe and the East generally is the dread of making a bad appearance. People will say this is not a genteel hotel, and that is not a genteel hotel, and this is not the custom for persons of respectability, and that is vulgar and unfashionable; and the second or the third class cars will not do for an American where there is a first class, and it looks shabby to pay a domestic ten cents when he expects at least two francs. Of course all this is very well for rich travellers who can afford to pay for their respectability, but it is absurd for any young man whose primary object is the acquisition of knowledge to be governed by such motives. Besides, it is altogether a mistaken idea that it increases one's gentility, or adds in any way to his dignity of character. No travellers in the world are so cheated and laughed at by the very persons who pretend to do homage to them as the America English; none so enslaved by a dread of the opinions of those whom they hold in contempt as the two freest and most powerful people in existence. Lawyers and doctors go to California and drive mule-carts or carry hods for a bricklayer, but a poor student, who, after years of toil, saves a few hundred dollars and sets out to accomplish what he has dreamed of all his life-to visit the monuments of past ages, to ponder over the history of man, becomes suddenly smitten with the fear of Mrs. Grundy the moment he touches the shores of the old world, and spends all his means in a few weeks without really seeing any thing; and this contrary to his own sense of discretion, because people tell him it is not genteel to do otherwise. No position is thought too despicable in the pur-suit of gold; but every position which is not up to the conventional standard is dreaded in the pursuit of knowedge. True, all are not so governed, as we have seen by the example of several who have given to the world enduring evidences of steadiness of purpose, self-reliance. mposing show has an effect, as it has every where else, is not to be denied; but if a man be unable to make that show, cheap as it is, he should not be deterred from going ahead the best way he can. With a strong will, a pleasant and accommodating disposition, and a firm reliance in this principle, that nothing is sacrificed while selfrespect remains, there is no difficulty in travelling all over the world. I would, therefore, say to every young man who thirsts for knowledge that it is not out of books alone he will get it; let him go out upon the broad face of the earth and look around him, and see with the eyes that God has given him what they who write books can do no more than see; let him drink deep into his soul the beauties of nature; let him forget all the petty prejudices that have hitherto held him in bondage, and learn that there is good and evil everywhere; that

A day's journey on horseback may be put down at about

" Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

AN EAST INDIAN MASON,

Or how they Build Houses in India. A writer in Chambers's Journal gives the following acount of the manner of laying bricks in East India:

"Time, which the Englishman values as money, has a very secondary place in the estimation of the Oriental; and all his tools and methods of working seem to be con-trived with the view of consuming as much of that valu-

"The Radj, or bricklayer, is, I think, about the best illustration of this. He works with a trowel about the size of an ordinary tablespoon, and a small hammer weighing about six ounces. Armed with these, and weighing about six ounces. Armed with these, and squatting before his work, he, in a loud voice, summons his rundees, (women, two of whom always wait upon each radj.) and orders them to bring centee and massala, (bricks and mortar.) The rundees in due season make their appearance, one with a brick in each hand, and the other with a small wooden treacher, about the size of a bread-basket, filled with the massala. Without change bread-basket, filled with the massala. Without changing his position, he empties the trencher on the extended bed of the brick, and it seldom contains more than enough for two bricks. He now spreads the mortar evenly with his trowel, assisting the process by adding water from a small earthenware pitcher, handed to him by an attendant rundee; and as the bricks are often very by an attendant rundee; and as the bricks are often very irregular in shape, he has three or four minutes to spend in chipping off the irregularities with his hammer; and if he be at all fastidious, or the brick unusually bad, he will spend twice as much time as this. It is at this part will spend twice as much time as this. It is at this part of the process that the patience of an Englishman gives way; and with an impatient kis wisty (what for) addressed to the apathetic radj, he gives vent to his feelings in a string of English adjectives, addressed to no one in particular. I once heard an energetic indigo-planter declare that he would at any time walk a mile in the hottest sunshine rather than be condemned to contemplate the proceedings of the masons at work on his own factory.

After the radj has got the brick laid down, there is a complicated process to go through with a string and ball

omplicated process to go through with a string and ball of stone. The string is provided with a small slip of hoop iron, and made to slip up and down the string by a small hole pierced in its centre. In order to ensure the perpendicular line of the wall, he applies the end of the slip of iron to the side of the brick last laid, and allows the ball to hang at some distance below; and as by means of the slip of iron at the top the string is held from the brick at the distance of the radius of the ball, if the brick be properly placed, the plummet-stone will just touch the wall below. It was all in vain that I made a straight-edge and blumb-line in the English fashion, and showed them that by using it they would save themselves the trouble of testing the position of each brick as it was laid. So long as I stood beside them they pretended to use it; but the moment my back was turned out came the time-honored plummet that had assisted in building the oldest temples

plummet that had assisted in building the oldest temples in Hindostan, and was certainly quite good enough for any thing a feeringhee like me could require.

"I am much within the mark when I say that a single English bricklayer and hodman could in one day do the work of a dozen radj, rundees and all; and do much better too. One would imagine from this that building was very expensive in India, but the contrary is the case. An English bricklayer and hodman will cost from eight to ten shillings a day, while the Indian radj and his two attendant rundees will not cost more than from threepence to fourpeace per day."